

dance in the rain and my arms

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25794976) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25794976>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft Youtubers (Video Blogging RPF)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Gods & Goddesses , Dancing in the Rain , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , dteamweek2020 , Loneliness , Falling In Love , Getting Together , Pining , Mutual Pining , Crushes , Deity Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of have we the audacity to chase tomorrow? , Part 1 of unofficial mcyt gods au
Collections:	Dream Team Week 2020
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-09 Words: 5731

dance in the rain and my arms

by [lazykitkat](#)

Summary

Day 4: Rain & Cuddles

Rain, rain, go away,

Come again another day,

All the children want to play

Rain, rain, go away

(Where George is a lonely rain god and the wind god Dream keeps coming up with excuses to be around him.)

Notes

Quick reminder, if Dream Team or anyone in my fics express that fanfiction makes them uncomfortable and they'd rather it not be published, I will take this down.

Other than that, enjoy~

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Rain, rain, go away.

As time went on, most gods stuck to their ethereal fashion, bathing in fresh moondrops, adorning themselves with the jewels of the stars and painting their faces with captured sunlight. They lived in their realms, the ocean deity residing in the deepest depths of the ocean, guarded by poisonous lights and swiftful dolphins. The patron of the sun lounging in her palace of brilliant gold and dancing flames and the god of wisdom indulging himself in thousands of books, hidden in the buried secret chamber under the burnt Library of Alexandria.

The rain man has no home, simply moving from place to place where he hears prayers. He doesn't see the need to wear jewels too big, too impractical, too divine for something as simple as rain. He's recently learned about the fruits of wonderful human tinkering, inventions used to hide from his realm. He walks the earth in a simple raincoat, armed with an umbrella instead of a blade, and plods through puddles with bright yellow gumboots.

Come again another day,

The rain man doesn't think he's a god.

When he comes, people shoo him away and when he leaves, people want him back. He doesn't mind, he's grown used to wandering in the gentle patter of teardrops alone, he's grown used to being alone. He's learned not to fill the empty hole in him, no matter how much it aches, how much it wishes to drown. He tries not to listen.

He's simply a man with an umbrella, bringing tears to the skies, letting her blueness twist into a solemn grey, letting her pain feed the earth. He's a harbinger of renewal, a chance for bluer people to be touched, a final song until life moves on to bigger things.

The rain man, he nicked himself and when people asked for his name he answered with the most mundane name he could think of, "George."

All the children want to play,

He doesn't talk to other gods and they don't bother to talk to him, usually not wanting to get wet. He's quiet, he's an observer, opting to watch from afar and let the world do its thing, to let fate and chance run their course. He watches children run through the puddles, desperate to get to school. He watches studious workers stride fast and use their briefcases as shelter. He watches couples kiss under umbrellas and pull apart with soft smiles and pink cheeks.

His rain brings to life a world that the sun can not, a story that clear skies can not write. He reads that story, waiting for each new chapter, turning for each new page but never writing himself into the book.

He is an outsider, since the first rainfall to his last, and there's nothing that can change that.

Rain, rain, go away.

~

He's walking through a field of daisies and spear grass when he first meets the wind god.

The rains are frustrated, pouring down mercilessly and he has to placate them before they drown the meadows, before lakes are made where they shouldn't. The trees bend over submissively, heads of lush green laying low under the pressure of the raging downpour which came knocking frantically against the earth. He doesn't mind getting wet and he spins the umbrella over his shoulder, watching the droplets twirl around him. He pivots his foot, eyes on the ground, as he leaps over a puddle and when he looks up again-

That's when he sees him.

Only about a hundred metres away, he sees gold curls, wild and untamed, adorning the sun-kissed man who's bare feet barely touch the ground. He's cursing with enough vigor that the rain man can hear and he feels sympathetic for the other, not wishing on anyone to get caught up in this weather.

George dissipates, letting his own body fade from reality and morph into a liquid state as he jumps from teardrop to teardrop- returning to his former state but this time right behind the other. Pretty, he thought mindlessly when the taller man turned around in surprise, letting him catch sight with burning green eyes and freckles of stardust, probably from flying too close to the stars. He's a god, George recognizes the silver insignia on his neck, a marking for divinity, in the shape of swirls and gales surrounding a single bird.

The wind god.

"Your bed sheets are wet," he mutters apologetically, holding out his umbrella for the other, "Sorry, my rains aren't used to guests. They're usually stuck with me."

He wonders why the wind god is here, barely knowing the other. Gods didn't really work together, only sending their element, in his case rain, to whichever deity needed him. The wind god takes the umbrella from him, mumbling something unintelligible, and for a moment George can feel his calloused palms.

"They aren't bed sheets," the other frowns but his voice reminds the rain man of whistles and chimes, "It's a toga."

"Not in the 21st century." It slips out before he can stop himself and he winces, there are so many gods that are as temperamental as the realm they rule over. But the other god laughs and it's more pleasant than it had the right to be and George thinks his cheeks are pink.

"It's not very practical, is it?" the other looks down and then back up, "My winds won't listen to me if I wear anything else. I think it's to mock me."

As if they were listening, the winds blow past them, a gentle welcome for him and the flip the other god's umbrella inside out.

"Hello again," he says softly to particularly no one, giggling when the winds displace the hood of his raincoat. He looks down immediately when the sound escapes him, embarrassment making him conscious. Laughter fills his ears again and he quickly pulls the hood back up, aware how red his ears could be and musters the courage to look the other in the eye. Striking gold greets him, warm and free in a way he's never seen, and a wide grin that almost clears away his rain.

The wind swirls around him, creating a sort of barrier from the rain, as it presents him with a letter, stamped with a familiar symbol.

"O-oh yeah, that's why I came." the wind god scratches the nape of his neck sheepishly,

“Invitation to the Red Moon Festival. Bad’s going to try to force everyone to follow the dress code this time, so feel free to ignore him.”

“Oh,” George mumbles and he watches the letter fall to the ground as he lets go. The wind bristles, quickly trying to save the paper from getting drenched in the rain and he thinks it’s chiding him as it tries to offer it to him again.

“No thank you, I haven’t been to one of those festivals in forever.” He has to tell the breeze which he swears is whining, “I appreciate the effort though.”

“You don’t go? I thought everyone did. Even Sap leaves the underworld for it.” The wind god’s jaw is open and George laughs at him a little, “It’s one of the most important full moons of the century for us, what do you even do?”

The rain man doesn’t recognise a single name the other had spoken and wonders if they’re important. He shrugged, fingers curling against the sleeves of his raincoat and he looked away. The other is right, everyone did go to the ball, showing off their intricate silks and jeweled masks, leaving the universe unattended for one night of the century. He’s received an invitation every time but the cursive ink feels more like a courtesy, him being just another person they needed to ask to come and dance under magnificent spectacles and honestly, it isn’t his thing.

He doesn’t fit in with the gods, not when they demand for the universe’s devotion, shining brighter and louder. He doesn’t fit with the mortals, and he’s tried to live among them before, but they want too much and he has too little to give. He doesn’t understand gods and mortals, just like they didn’t understand him, leaving him alone with his rain, the only ones who did.

“I go for a walk.” George winces at how pathetic that sounds.

“Where?”

“I don’t know, wherever the rain takes me.”

“By yourself?”

“I’m used to it,” He shrugs again.

“I-do you know who I am?”

“Should I?” George stares at the blonde, trying to rack his brains for a familiar face, “I’ve met your winds before, they put my clouds in a terrible mood.”

The wind god looks at him again, as if he were a puzzle that had been left unsolved for too long before shaking his head and gracing him with a smile which he had grown very attached to, very quickly.

“No, I suppose you don’t,” he says, “My name is Dream.”

George wonders what he’s supposed to do with this information. It’s a nice name, fitting even for the deity of the wind to be named after something as free and uncontrollable as dreams. But this will probably be the last time the two of them meet before they both move onto their very different worlds.

“Okay, it was nice meeting you.” When the other offers his umbrella back, he dismisses it with a wave of his hand, “Keep it. I’ll steal another one.”

He turns to leave but there's something stopping him, the winds wrapping around him like hands and George thinks it's supposed to be a hug. He wouldn't know, he hasn't had one in years but it felt nice, warm in a way which the cold rain couldn't cool down. He looks back to the wind god-Dream whose face was a shade of embarrassed red and he realises it was the other's doing.

"I-If you did go to the festival," He was stammering and George finds it sweet, "W-which you don't have to- of course, but if you did- mind saving me a dance?"

"Your winds are hugging me. Are you telling them to do this?" The rain man blurts out incredulously and the taller god hiding his face is enough of an affirmation, "A dance? I don't know how to dance."

"It was a stupid question, forget it," the other mutters but he looks like he needs to say more, "I'll see you around."

The wind god smiles with a silent farewell and then whistles, clear and sharp, as his body blends into a gust of wind, swirling around George before shooting up into the sky. The invitation falls to where he was a few seconds ago and the rain man bent down to pick it up. It's already drenched but he pats it gently and slips it into the inner pocket of his raincoat. The Red Moon Festival?

Maybe, he tells himself, thinking of golden eyes and an untamed smile.

~

The winds he learns painfully, are persistent.

They don't listen to anyone, nipping at his nose whenever he becomes distracted, and they manage to get under his rains' skin like no other. It takes a while to get used to having them around and he wonders why their wind god doesn't call them back but he realises that Dream has not a single chain that restrained, held back his winds. They'll blow ships past the horizon if they wished to, blow summer breezes in the dead of winter if they willed and they turn into bursts of gales if it'll make George fall over his feet in surprise. He gets used to not only having to turn to his rains for company, gets used to having the wind demand for every second of his attention and it's nice, talking to someone who spoke in bells and whistles.

"Good morning East," He's also learned there are four winds, each for a cardinal direction and he walks down the wet cobble paths of London with a hum, "South bothering you again?"

East nearly makes him lose grip of the umbrella in a wave of frustration, the rain god chiding the other softly. All the winds talk fast, as if all the time in the world is going to slip through their fingers (did winds have fingers?) like sand and they're going to run out. He's only able to pick out a few words from the wind which isn't howls and bellows.

"East is exaggerating," Silvery decibels please George's ears and he recognizes it to be the wind god, "Hello."

The wind god is definitely a new variable to George's code, something which the rain god isn't sure should become a constant or an outlier. Moons, he's not sure if the aching emptiness in him will last if the other was to become part of his every day and he's not sure if the emptiness was better or the fluster of his heart. The taller god isn't in his usual bed sheets, instead in mortal clothes, and the umbrella which George had lent him is covering both of them.

"Hello." George fidgets with the sleeves of his raincoat, "You're tall."

"I-yes, yes I am." The other blinks slowly and the rain god wants to count his freckles.

“It’s Tuesday.”

“Oh?”

“You give nice hugs.”

“Are we just stating facts right now?” The blond looks embarrassed and he wonders why.

“No, I’m practising small talk. North says I’m getting better at it.” He doesn’t break eye contact, “I’m also waiting to hear why you’re here.”

“I-nevermind, it doesn’t matter.”

The rain god frowns and the winds whisper in his left ear.

“What-no, you traitors-”

“You came here to,” George starts, “To give me flowers?”

“No, I didn’t.”

He’s a bad liar, golden eyes refusing to look at him again. The shorter god smiles, taking the umbrella from the other and then looking at him expectantly.

“Show me.”

“It’s stupid really-”

“I like stupid. I let you stay around, don’t I?”

There has to be something wrong with the wind god, whose face turns an unhealthy shade of deep red for no reason. He doesn’t say anything, waiting patiently as the other reluctantly whistles for the wind to bring something.

“Close your eyes,” Dream mumbles and George feels something fall on his head.

“Can I open my eyes now?”

“After I’ve left.”

“Oh, you’re going already?” There’s a pang in his chest and he scolds at himself for wanting the other to stay a bit longer.

“I-I’ll be back later,” He’s stuttering again and the rain god feels light. The wind god takes a step backwards and just as he’s going to leave, something overtakes George and he wraps the other in his arms.

“What’s this for?” The taller god’s cheeks are definitely red.

“You give good hugs.”

He hears the other whisper a hesitant farewell and the warm skin that was in his hands, fades into the wind and flies away. George opens his eyes slowly, by himself with only the rain just like it used to be. His hands go to his head where he pulls off a ring of soft flowers, blessed with eternal life judging by the moonlight that drips from them like dew.

A flower crown.

He doesn't recognise the flowers, just like how he doesn't recognise the swirl of emotions that make his heart flutter.

~

George is by himself this time, wandering down the canals of Venice. The rains are angry today, for no reason in particular, water coming up to half of his wellingtons and he frowns. He's seen temper tantrums which were worse and he's learnt that it's best for the rains to let it all out before they are bottled enough to drown the earth. The streets are empty, sensible people hiding safely under roofs as the tears come crashing down.

Umbrella in hand, he treads through the slippery streets, letting himself get lost in small paths, unfamiliar with the twists and turns of the city. He walks past an alleyway and in the corner of his eye, he notices a rustling from under the litter that was swept into the dark corners of Venice. He's curious now, taking steps into the dead-end, eyes never leaving the peculiar stirring of debris.

Meow.

It's quiet and with the thundering rain, he barely hears it but from under the decaying newspapers, he sees dirty paws. He crouches down, the ends of his raincoat getting wet and waits till brown eyes greet his own.

"Ello," he cooes, lending his hand out and watches as the cat takes a cautious step forward on its toes, whisker twitching when it sniffs his hand, "Aren't you pretty?"

The cat purrs, as if it were agreeing, and lets George carry it in his arms. He doesn't want to leave it out in the rain but doesn't know of a place where it could stay. It doesn't have to be a permanent residence, just long enough for the rain god to find some shelter for them. Most gods own some place to call home, whether it be a palace in the sun or hut in the mountains of Mars, but George doesn't. He simply walks with his rains, not chained down to anything else. He knows all gods of central importance had a stronghold and he wonders if a certain god would mind a visitor.

"Rain, ask the winds something for me."

The clouds thunder in response and when the cat flinches, George whispers sincere sorrows, trying to calm the small ball of fur. He stands up, carefully holding the cat with his left hand and the umbrella shakily with his right. There's a huge gale which throws him off balance and he lets go of the umbrella, only for sun-kissed hands to save it from falling.

"Sorry," The wind god smiles at him bashfully, "But I heard there was someone who needed a place to crash."

"She's cute," George mumbles as the cat tries to swat at his nose, "Do you mind?"

"No, all cats are welcomed to my humble abode," He grins, towering over the rain god in a way that made him feel flustered, "So are soaking rain men."

"Oh, I don't care about getting wet," He hands over the cat, smiling slightly when it purrs against the blond, "She likes you."

"Warm cuddles at my place," Dream presses his nose against the cat's, "Wow, she is cute."

He laughs and quickly covers his mouth when the other stares at him with something warm in his

eyes.

“Hey baby, maybe we should invite a pretty rain god,” the blond whispers to the cat loudly as if he weren’t there, “Looks like he could use some.”

The cat purrs and Dream quickly grabs hold of George’s arm.

“W-what? Where are we going?”

“You heard the cat, executive order,” Dream pulls him close and their faces are close to each other. He’s smiling, radiating with a confidence that he didn’t have the last time the two of them talked to each other.

“Rain man gets cuddles too.”

~

He’s not exactly sure what he’s supposed to do when Dream turns up one day with a book.

“I stole this from his library, don’t tell Phil.” Another name he doesn’t know but he takes the book from Dream, his hands running along the leather spine and well-kept pages.

“Okay,” The rain god is still a little confused, “Is it important?”

“As important as any other book,” the blond shrugs and leans on him, “It’s supposed to be read I guess.”

“Well then, start reading.” George hands the book back but the other doesn’t make a move to take it back.

“I want you to read to me.”

“I’m the god of rain,” he says dryly, “I haven’t read a book in centuries.”

“I never learned how to read,” Dream mumbles, looking at the ground, “Bad couldn’t get me to sit still long enough.”

They’re sitting under a tree, George sitting against the trunk with the wind god’s head on his lap, and he’s trying to resist the temptation to play with golden curls. The rains drizzle as if each drop were a quiet kiss to the earth, soft and fleeting, and the clouds paint over pale blues and yellows.

“Read me a bedtime story,” Golden eyes are closed but his lips are pressed in a smile.

“It’s not even night,” The rain god grumbles but the winds make the choice for him, blowing a few pages until they reach a random page, nipping at his ears to read.

“Where Yellow meets Blue,” He reads the title engraved at the top of the page and Dream hums for him to continue. So he does, carefully enunciating each syllable, giving in when Dream asks him to do voices and letting words on a page bend and twist into a tale of glory. He doesn’t pause, refusing to look anywhere else but the parchment until he finishes. He ignores it when the wind god traces circles against his skin, ignores it when the wind god snuggles closer against it and ignores the allure of the other’s lips.

“You should do that,” George is interrupted mid-sentence and looks at the wind god who is nearly asleep, slurring his words, lashes fluttering a bit too much and a certain drawl in his movements,

“You should make it rain cats and dogs.”

“No-what. That would be animal abuse.”

“The mortals would go insane,” Sleepiness drowns his laugh but it still manages to brighten the rain, “Do it.”

“I’d get in trouble.”

“I don’t think there are any laws stopping you.”

“Doesn’t mean I should do it.”

“I’d catch them of course, my winds could be their safety net. Patches can be the captain,” He’s not listening, distracted by his own schemes and George watches golden eyes bubble with a childish intent fondly, “Suns, I could make the pigs fly. Techno would love that.”

Stop saying names he didn’t know, he thinks, names that weren’t his.

“That would be fun, wouldn’t it?” The wind god yawns, curling against George, “We should give it a go.”

“Maybe.”

He lets the other fall asleep against him and it becomes quiet without his laughter, his smile. The winds fall silent too, mindlessly blowing small leaves and poking fun at songbirds. He remembers when all he could hear was his own rains, his own thoughts, his own heartbeat but now that the wind god holds him tight enough that the emptiness doesn’t consume him totally, he hears other things. He hears the winds whistle and laugh, he hears the oceans after the rains, hears the skies wiping their tears and most importantly-

He hears another heartbeat, one that isn’t his.

This one is different, faster in tempo and follows no melody and the pitch reaches highs and lows he’s never heard before. He loves it, the mismatch of notes, and he doesn’t think he’ll mind listening to it for as long as the sun burns. He looks to his side, greeted by messy curls and stardust freckles, and smiles.

Another heartbeat, singing right next to his own and he wonders how they’ll sound together.

~

For once, it’s not raining when they see each other.

It’s dark, the silver beams illuminating everything only slightly. The rain god is careful not to tread on any precious flowers but wildflowers are scattered across the meadows. It’s quiet, unusually so, and George feels as if he’s walking on thin ice and that one wrong will make the floor shatter.

“Are you going,” Dream breaks the silence, “To the Red Moon Festival?”

The winds are restless, as if they’ve been waiting for an answer for eternities and the patience is beginning to tire.

“I told you, I don’t know how to dance.”

Dream stares at him as if he’s searching for something as if he wants something and George wishes

he knew what he could possibly give.

“Take my hand, I’ll teach you.”

The offer of the hand feels like something more and the rain god isn’t sure if he’s ready to, if he wants to know what. He looks at it, uncertainty stirring in him but then he gazes into golden eyes and slowly, he lets his own fingers entangle with the other’s. The wind god’s hands are calloused, rough in all the right ways and he realises that he wants to memorise every small line of the other’s hand.

He’s pulled forward and his free hand makes its way to Dream’s shoulder, the blond’s other hand securely on his waist. They start moving and he doesn’t know what to look at so his eyes fall to his feet as they sway to no other song but their own heartbeats.

“1, 2, 3- hey, calm down,” Silvery decibels, making something in him flutter, “Keep your pretty eyes on me. 1, 2, 3…”

He feels the winds around them swirl and in retaliation, his rains start to pour. He’s confused, he feels sick when he’s with Dream but at the same he feels safe. He feels warm when their skin brushes against each other and cold when he lets go. When he’s with Dream, his heart is overflowing but when he’s away, it’s emptier than ever.

The wind god twirls him and when he faces him again, they’re somehow closer and George is out of breath. Under the soft moonlight, his golden eyes cut through the rain god, his golden curls are like waves and his freckles glimmer like a thousand stars. He’s not thinking anymore, ears listening only to their heartbeats and he leans in closer.

It scares him.

“George.”

The winds grow faster, too fast and rip the grass around them and the rains scream, pouring down too hard and flooding innocence. They’ve lost control, both him and Dream, lost in a sea of everything with nothing to hold onto but each other.

He presses his lips against the other, soft and gentle like a butterfly’s touch, and everything is roaring. A hurricane, both in them and around them, ripping apart the earth and leaving it in a state irreparable. Dream gives and gives and gives but George isn’t sure if he can take anymore, if his heart can handle this much. But he wants to, he wants everything the wind god will give him and he wants to do the same, to shower the other in rains of everything.

“No-” They pull apart and George looks around them.

This is what happened when the rains and winds dance together, when their hearts play a duet. Mass destruction of crippling trees and drowning cities. They did this, they will do it again if they continue and the rain god- George steps back.

No matter how peaceful the eye of a storm is, the world will still be torn apart. This is a sign, from who he doesn’t know, but he knows their worlds shouldn’t cross, that he belongs in his rainy days and emptiness while Dream belongs free in the skies.

“George wait-”

But the rain god is already gone.

~

The Red Moon Festival happens once a century, always on the first full moon of that specific year and every deity, no matter how small or big, is called upon to attend.

Every god will leave their post, the ocean falling asleep without its master, the undead becoming the dead, the dead becoming the undead and time falling out of place, out of the steady rhythm she so proudly maintained. They will all come together under dying stars which fade into red stardust, staining the moon like blood to a blade, and they dance. They dance for the night will be longer, they toast to the death of old stars and sing to the birth of the new.

George stands against glass-stained murals, depicting the tale of every star that died tonight, and watches faces he hasn't seen in millennia swirl under a thousand, floating candlelights and on a ballroom of rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Each divine face in an attire that could light up the wall and George feels more out of place than the flying fish, more bland than the colour of the napkins.

Why is he here? What is it that he wanted, expected from this? He should probably leave before he does something he knows he'll regret, before he breaks something beyond repair. But in a way, he has. He's already burned the bridges between him and Dream by leaving without a word, by acting without a thought and now- and now he's standing alone in a festival, heart aching for someone who belonged in a different world.

It should be easy to leave, all he has to do is turn and walk out the grand marble arches and to his rains. But even the rains miss the wind god, whining to him every chance they had for him to bring back the other. The winds are gone too, they don't come to blow away his umbrella or annoy the rains. There's silence now and he's drowning in an emptiness that feels bigger than ever, in an emptiness that hurts worse than he remembers. The song changes and he looks down to the stained floors.

"George, isn't it? Did he convince you to marry him yet??" A pretty face snickers, "If I hear him talk about how beautiful your smile is one more time and Slyvee hasn't bounded you two for an eternity yet, I might have to kick his ass into hell."

"Sapnap! Language you muffin," A god in a wavy red and black hood chides, "You should be nice."

"You haven't been the one listening to him pine for centuries Bad-"

"You're the one with the ducks." George interrupted, both of the other gods' eyes focusing on him, "You borrow some of my rains for them."

"I- they're not mine, I'm taking care of them for a friend."

"We all know you and Skeppy have shared custody over them," the first god grins, the candles close to the three of them burning brighter, "Now, tell us about yourself George."

"I don't know you."

He laughs, grabbing his arm, and drags the rain man onto the dance floor. The other's hands are extremely warm against his and it feels like he'll evaporate. Their bodies move out of sync from the countless others around them and the other points across the room. George's eyes follow and finally he recognises someone in this sea of gems.

“Your date is there, dancing with Slyvee,” The other stops talking when his face becomes one of confusion, “You don’t know her either? God of love. Tell Dream that he owes Sapnap one.”

The other god, who George presumes is Sapnap, blends into the crowd and he loses the other before he can protest. There are too many names, too many people, too many things happening all at once and he starts to feel dizzy. He seeks refuge near a small corner, where he could hide behind the curtain. His eyes never stray from the wind god, him being the only thing that he’s somewhat familiar with.

He’s unfairly attractive, gold stardust highlighting all the right features, and with every twirl he’s even more entangled in woven moonlight. He looks as if he were flying, free to break from the laws of nature, bend the laws of fair play and that he’d come by to take what he wanted. George can’t look away and he doesn’t want to, it’s okay to look at pretty things as long as he didn’t come too close to ruin them.

Then gold eyes meet him and he freezes.

They don’t stray from George, staring at him with quick surprise that morphs into an intensity he isn’t ready for. They’re metres apart, the edge of the dance floor as the line that kept their worlds apart. Himself, alone and hidden in soft shadows, safe in his own isolation and with walls he built so high so only a few colours, a few notes could enter and then there’s Dream. The wind god, surrounded by screaming life, is the harmony that ties a thousand notes together, looking as if he thrived off the others. His world is painted by the sun and the moon with thousands, most of them George couldn’t see.

He won’t cross the line, George thinks, they’re too different.

But he’s been thinking about it, with every waking hour and every second in his dreams. He’s been thinking about their dance under the moonlight, their kiss in the midst of the storm and the pain he’s scared will follow. He remembers telling himself not to come, to stay away and move on but somehow-

Somehow he’s standing here, in a ballroom of people he didn’t know, without a care in the world except for Dream.

But the wind god starts to make his way towards him, pulling apart the seams of his world to reach him and George isn’t sure how he should feel.

“You came,” Dream sounds a bit breathless, “You came to the biggest party of the century in a raincoat.”

“It’s my special raincoat,” he says and the other laughs, “I told you, I don’t come to these things.”

“Still you came,” He repeats slowly, looking pleased with himself. He’s prettier close up, George thinks.

“For you,” He mumbles, loud enough so only the wind god could hear and he relishes in the pink dusting on the other’s cheeks.

“Do you want to dance?”

He isn’t ready, too used to being by himself, to be able to dance in front of so many people.

“I can’t dance.”

“Liar,” He’s smiling, sharp gold turning soft, “I’ve seen you dance in the rain.”

“There isn’t any rain here, you idiot.”

“You’re the rain god aren’t you? Let’s go find some.” He offers a hand and George finds himself grabbing onto it without a second thought. Dream laughs, letting the wind pick the shorter god up into his arms and he has to hold onto the blond for his dear immortal life. He likes it, being in someone’s arms, being in Dream’s arms. He doesn’t want to let go yet and luckily he doesn’t have to.

“Where are we off to, good sir?” The other’s voice is light and teasing.

“Wherever the wind takes us.”

End Notes

Okay if my simp count doesn't rise like Dream's subscriber count, I'm throwing hands.

God, my own writing made me squeal at how soft this fic was and I really enjoyed writing this au so if you want more guys, just let me know coz I'd love to. I'm sorry if there weren't enough cuddles in this to completely fulfil the prompt but I didn't know how to incorporate in prominently without looking forced so I'm sorry. >.<

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xoxo winter

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